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## STANZAS,

WRITTEN AFTER MY LYRE HAD BEEN LONG UNSTRUNG.

Forbid the mariner to sweep  
 The foaming sparkling wave;  
 'To tempt the dangers of the deep,  
 His glory, or his grave—  
 Forbid the warrior's eye to fire,  
 When wild the clarion rings;  
 But hang not up the poet's lyre,  
 Nor loose its silver strings.

Heard ye the lark's shrill morning note  
 Come ringing from the skies—  
 Heard ye the thrush's softer throat,  
 Her sylvan melodies?  
 And heard ye not the feather'd choir,  
 From yonder lonely dell?  
 They 'mind me of my own soft lyre,  
 That once I loved so well.

Heard ye the shepherd's tuneful reed,  
 Among yon craggy rocks—  
 Heard ye along the flow'ry mead  
 The bleating of his flocks?  
 And heard ye distant voices sweep  
 Around yon heath'ry hill—  
 And heard ye down yon rugged steep  
 The dashing mountain rill?

'There is a voice in every tree,  
 A song in every flower—  
 There is a sacred harmony  
 That breathes from every bower:  
 Sweet hymns of praise and thankfulness,  
 On zephyrs' wings arise—  
 And in their native loveliness,  
 Are wafted to the skies.

Heard ye the ocean's thundering roar,  
 By tempests rudely swept?  
 Again, as on the peaceful shore,  
 Its rippling waters slept?  
 Where late conflicting billows rush'd,  
 In one full tide of praise;  
 Soft swelling waves in stillness hush'd,  
 Their holiest vesper raise.

I heard as sweetly pass'd along  
 The music of the earth;  
 Its wondrous beauties swell'd the song  
 To Him who gave them birth;  
 Amid the burst of harmony,  
 I long'd to wake my lute;  
 But its sad chords hung silently,  
 Its voice of song was mute.

My harp, the spell is broken, and  
 Again thy music rings—  
 Again, mine unaccustom'd hand  
 Awakes thy silent strings—  
 Again, thy thrilling numbers,  
 In joyous measure roll;  
 And soft as infant slumbers,  
 Come stealing o'er my soul.

Hail! friend of many an hour that's gone,  
 And many a dream that's past;  
 Whose visions round thy bard have shone,  
 Each lovelier than the last—  
 When he that loved thy voice shall lie  
 Asleep in some wild glen;  
 Then hush thee, harp, thy minstrelsy,  
 Be still—but not till then.

J. S. M.

## LINES.

Thy cheek, so blooming once, grew pale,  
 I saw its brilliant colours fail  
 And marked the dimness of thine eye,  
 Yet never dreamt of danger nigh,  
 No more I knew thy footstep's sound  
 From others, by its light rebound;  
 That voice that once was full and clear  
 In falt'ring accents met mine ear,  
 All, all were signs that *others* read,  
 To me alone they brought no dread,  
 Ah no! I lov'd thee far too well,  
 And such affection has a spell  
 That bids us shun the thought alone,  
 Of losing those our hearts enthroned.

Mtta. S.